And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuals and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighel, ſpeed:
For if Lord Percy thriue not, e're the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, t'is but wiſedome, to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe to
To other friends, and ſo farewell, ſir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare
Aboue yon busky hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemprature.
Prin. The Southren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſounds, Enter Worceſter.

King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? t'is not wel,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes.

As now we meet. You
And made vs doffe our
To cruſh our old limme
This is not well, my Lo
What ſay you to it? wil
This churliſh knot of a
And moue in that obed
Where you did giue a
And be no more an ex
A prodigie of feare, an
Of broched miſchiefe t
Wor. Heare me, my
For mine owne part, I
To entertaine the lag e
With quiet houres. Fo
I haue not ſought the d
King. You haue not
Fal. Rebellion lay in
Prin. Peace, chewet
Wor. It pleas'd your
Of fauour, from my ſe
And yet I muſt remem
We were the firſt and
For you my ſtaffe of o
In Richards time, and
To meet you on the w
When yet you were in
Nothing ſo ſtrong and
It was my ſelfe, my bro
That brought you hon
The dangers of the tim
And you did ſweare t
That you did nothing
Nor claime no further,
The ſeat of Gaunt, D
To this, we ſwore our
It raind downe fortune
And ſuch a floud of gr